

# Seven Champions of Christendom.

Being a compendious History of their Lives and Actions, &c.

To the Tune of, *The Christian Warriors.*



**N**OW Of the seven Champions here,  
My Purpose is to write;  
To shew how they with Sword & Spear  
Put many foes to Flight:

Distressed Ladies to release,  
and Captives bound in Chains;  
That Christian Glory to increase,  
which evermore remains.

First I give you to understand  
that Great St. George by Name,  
Was the true Champion of our Land;  
and of his Birth and Fame;  
And of his noble Mother's Dream,  
before that he was born,  
The which to her did clearly seem,  
her Days would be forlorn.

This was her Dream; That she did bear  
a Dragon in her Womb;  
Which griev'd this noble Lady fair,  
'cause Death must be her Doom:  
This Sorrow she could not conceal,  
so dismal was her Fear;  
So that she did the same reveal  
unto her Husband dear.

Who went for to enquire straight,  
of an Enchanter's spells;  
When knocking at her Iron Gate,  
her Answer it was this:

'The Lady shall bring forth a Son,  
'by whom in Tract of Time,  
'Great noble Actions shall be done;  
'he will to Honour climb:

'For he shall be in Banners wore;  
'this Length I will maintain,  
'Your Lady she shall die before  
'you see her Face again.  
His Leave he took, and home he went;  
his Wife departed lay,  
But that which did his Grief augment,  
the Child was stole away.

Then did he travel in Despair,  
where soon with Grief he dy'd,  
While the young Child, his Son and Heir  
did constantly abide  
With the wife Lady of the Grove,  
in her enchanted Cell;  
Amongst the Woods he oft did rove,  
his Beauty pleas'd her well.

Blinded with Love, she did impart,  
upon a certain Day,  
To him her cunning Magick Art,  
and where Six Champions lay,  
Within a brazen Castle strong,  
by an enchanted Sleep.  
And where they had continued long,  
she did the Castle keep.

She taught and shew'd him ev'ry thing,  
tho' being free and fond,  
Which did her fatal Ruin bring,  
for with a silver Wand,  
He clos'd her up into a Rock,  
by one most fatal Stroke.  
So took Possession of her Stock,  
and the Enchantment broke.

Those Christian Champions being freed  
from their enchanted State,  
Each mounted on his prancing Steed,  
and took to Travel straight;  
Where we will leave them to pursue  
kind Fortune's Favours till,  
To treat of our own Champion, who  
did Courts with Wonders fill.

For as he came to understand,  
at an old Hermit's Cell,  
How in the vast Egyptian Land,  
a Dragon fierce and fell,  
Threatened the Ruin of them all,  
by his devouring Jaws;  
His Sword releas'd them from that thrall  
and soon remov'd the Cause.

This dreadful Dragon must destroy  
a Virgin every Day;  
Or else with Stinks he'll them annoy,  
and many Thousands slay.  
At length the King's own Daughter dear  
for whom the Court did mourn

Was brought to be devoured here;  
for she must take her Turn.

The King by Proclamation said  
if any hardy Knight  
Could free this fair young Royal Maid,  
and slay the Dragon quite,  
Then should he have her for his Bride,  
and after Death, likewise  
His Crown and Kingdom too besides;  
St. George he won the Prize.

When many hardy Strokes he'd dealt,  
and could not pierce his Hide,  
He run his Sword up to the Hilt,  
in at the Dragon's Side;  
By which he did his Life destroy,  
which cheer'd the drooping King:  
This caus'd an universal Joy,  
sweet Peals of Bells did ring.

The Daughter of a King, for Pride  
transform'd was to a Tree  
Of Mulberries, which Dennis 'spy'd,  
and being hungry,  
Of that fair Fruit he eat a Part,  
and was transform'd likewise,  
Into the Fashion of a Hart,  
for seven Years precise.

At which he long bewail'd the Loss  
of manly Shape, then goes  
To him his true and trusty Horse,  
and brings a blushing Rose,  
By which the Magick Spell was broke,  
and both were fairly freed,  
From the enchanted heavy Yoke:  
they then in Love agreed.

Now we come to St. James of Spain,  
who slew a mighty Boar,  
In hopes that he might Honour gain,  
but he must die therefore.  
Who was allow'd his Death to chuse,  
which was by Virgin's Darts,  
But they the same did all refuse,  
so tender were their Hearts.

The King's Daughter at length by Lot,  
was doom'd to work his Woe;  
From her fair Hands, a fatal Shot  
out of a golden Bow,  
Must put a Period to the Strife,  
at which Grief did her seize;  
She of her Father begg'd his Life,  
upon her bended Knees.

Saying, my gracious Sovereign Lord,  
and honour'd Father dear,  
He well deserves a large Reward;  
then he not so severe:  
Give me his Life. He grants the Boon,  
and then without Delay,  
This Spanish Champion e'er 'twas Noon,  
rid with her quite away.

Now come we to St. Anthony,  
a Man with Valour fraught.  
The Champion of fair Italy,  
who many Wonders wrought;  
First, he a mighty Giant slew,  
the Terror of Mankind,  
Young Ladies fair, pure Virgins too,  
this Giant kept confin'd.

Within his Castle Walls of Stone,  
and Gates of solid Brass;  
Where seven Ladies made their Moan,  
but out they could not pass.  
Many brave Lords and Knights likewise,  
to free them did engage;  
Who fell a bleeding Sacrifice  
to this fierce Giant's Rage.

Fair Daughters to a Royal King!  
Yet Fortune, after all,  
Did our renowned Champion bring  
to free them from their Thrall:  
Assisted by the Hand of Heav'n,  
he ventur'd Life and Limb,  
Behold, the fairest of the Sev'n,  
she fell in Love with him,

That Champion good, bold St. Andrew,  
the famous Scottish Knight,  
Dark gloomy Desarts travell'd thro'  
where Phœbus gave no Light;  
Haunted with Spirits, for a while  
his weary Course he steers  
'Till Fortune blest'd him with a Smile,  
and shook off all his Fears.

This Christian Champion travell'd long,  
'till at the length he came  
Unto the Giant's Castle strong,  
Great Blanderon by Name;  
Where the King's Daughters were trans-  
into the Shape of Swans; (forth'd  
Tho' them he free'd, their Father storms  
but he his Malice shuns:

For tho' Five Hundred armed Knights,  
did straight beset him round,  
Our Christian Champion with them fights  
'till on the Hearthen Ground  
Most of those Pagans bleeding lay;  
which much perplex'd the King,  
The Scottish Champion clear'd the Way,  
which was a glorious Thing.

St. Patrick too of Ireland,  
that noble Knight of Fame,  
He travell'd, as we understand,  
'till at the length he came  
Into a Grove where Satyr's dwell;  
where Ladies he beheld,  
Who had their raged Fury felt  
and were with Sorrow fill'd.

He drew his Sword, and did maintain  
a sharp and bloody Fray,  
'Till the Ring-Leader he had slain,  
the rest soon fled away,  
This done, he ask'd the Ladies fair,  
who were in Silks array'd,  
From whence they came, and who they  
they answer'd him and said, (were

We are all Daughters to a King,  
whom a brave Scottish Knight  
Did out of Tribulation bring,  
he having took his Flight,  
Now after him we are in Quest,  
St. Patrick then repli's,

He is my Friend, I cannot tell  
'till I find him likewise.

So Ladies, if you do intend  
to take your Lot with me,  
This Sword of mine shall you defend  
from Savage Cruelty.  
The Ladies freely gave Consent  
to travel many Miles;  
Thro' shady Groves and Woods they went  
in search of Fortune's Smiles.

The Christian Champion David went  
to the Tartarian Court;  
Where, at their Tilt and Tournament,  
and such like Royal Sport,  
He overthrew the only Son  
of the Count Palatine,  
This noble Action being done,  
his Fame began to shine.

The young Count's sad and sudden Death  
turn'd all their Joys to Grief;  
He bleeding lay, bereav'd of Breath,  
the Father's Son in Chief:  
But Lords and Ladies blaz'd the Fame  
of our brave Champion bold;  
Saying, they ought to write his Name  
in Characters of Gold.

Here I have writ a fair Account  
of each Heroick Deed,  
Done by these Knights, which will sur-  
all those that shall succeed. (mount  
The ancient Chronicles of Kings,  
e'er since the World begun,  
Can't boast of such renowned Things,  
as these brave Knights have done.

St. George he was for England,  
St. Dennis was for France;  
St. James for Spain, whose valiant Hand  
did Christian Fame advance:  
St. Anthony for Italy,  
Andrew for Scots ne'er fails;  
Patrick too stands for Ireland,  
St. David was for Wales.

Thus have you these stout Champions  
in this renowned Song: (Names  
Young Captive Ladies bound in Chains  
confin'd in Castles strong,  
They did by knightly Prowess free,  
true Honour to maintain;  
Then let their lasting Memory  
from Age to Age remain.



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